THE

# POLYANTHOS.

## VOLUME II.

We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth...*Dr. Johnson.*

Me in silvam abstrudo densam atque asperam...*Cicero.*

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THE

# POLYANTHOS.

## APRIL, 1806.

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *MR. JOHN BERNARD.*

WITH A PORTRAIT.

For sprightly parts of higher life design'd,
Where fashion's airy whims delude the mind,
Where homely Reason yields to polish'd Pride,
And Nature's vulgar feelings are denied,
Bernard, with lively taste and easy mien,
Gives gay precision to the comick scene.

*Anon.*

The book of man he reads with nicest art,
And ransacks all the secrets of the heart;
The coxcomb feels a lash in every word;
. . . . . .
His comick humour keeps the world in awe,
And Laughter frightens Folly more than Law.

*Churchill.*

OF the various classes of men that present themselves to the pen of the biographer, there is none whose memoirs are read with greater avidity than those who have arisen to eminence in the histrionick art. Such as have attained this distinction by professional talents, and virtuous private character, are justly entitled to publick re-

spect ; and by frequently giving such characters a place in periodical publications, a service is rendered to society. "For the real end of both tragedy and comedy," says a late writer, "is to extend the knowledge of human life, and improve those affections of our nature by which we are distinguished. Tragedy, strictly speaking, excites compassion by the exhibition of human sorrows; and Comedy ridicules the frailties and infirmities of mortals, after a manner which may prove conducive to the rectification of them. To cherish pity and correct weakness must claim our regard." It is to be lamented, however, that this object has not always been kept in view ; and the American theatre, in many respects, has been highly censurable. But we hope the time is not very distant, when some of its excrescences will be lopped off, and the stage be respected, as *the imitation of life—the mirror of manners—the representation of truth.*

JOHN BERNARD, the subject of the present memoir, was born at Portsmouth, in England. His father was a lieutenant in the British navy, and the son was designed for the same course of life. It seems, however, that young Bernard chose rather to follow the banners of Thalia than Bellona ; and an early and unconquerable prepossession in favour of the stage defeated the intentions of his parents.

We have not been informed at what particular time or place Mr. B. began his theat-

rical career. When a boy, he left his parents and joined an itinerant company of comedians. In this situation, before he was eighteen years of age, he was noticed by some gentlemen of Norwich, who spread such a favourable report of his talents, that the manager at that place sent him an invitation to join his company, with the offer of *twenty-five shillings* per week. As his salary had never before exceed nine or ten shillings, this invitation was accepted.

After performing a short time at Norwich, he, with his wife, whom he had just married, was invited to Bath, where he soon acquired the "gale of favour," and for a considerable time was the principal favourite of the town. His fame at length reached the metropolis; and Mr. Harris engaged him at Covent Garden.

His first appearance on that stage was in 1787, in the character of *Archer*. He was received with universal applause, and for some time had no competitor in the light and foppish characters of the drama. When Mr. Munden was engaged at this theatre, Mr. Bernard retired from London, and performed at Plymouth, Dover, and Guernsey. In a short time, however, he returned to Covent Garden, where he continued till 1797, when he came to America.

Mr. Bernard appears to have been held in high estimation in London; and his secession from Covent Garden was deeply regret-

ted by publick admirers as well as private friends.

During his residence in London he produced several dramatick entertainments which met with approbation. One of these, called *The Poor Sailor, or Little Bob and Little Ben*, was written partly for the purpose of bringing forward a young person, whose talents Mr. B. thought were not properly estimated. While residing in Plymouth, he kept a vocabulary of sea-phrases, which he found of service in the composition of this piece. The songs, which the writer of this article is well assured were the entire production of Mr. Bernard, were printed and given away at the doors of the theatre. They were highly applauded; but from the unwillingness of the publick to look favourably on a man in the two-fold capacity of author and actor, they were attributed to some other pen, and the real author never received the credit which was justly his due. Mr. B. is likewise the author of several fugitive pieces of poetry, which are now in the possession of the editor, and shall decorate some of the future numbers of the Polyanthos.

In 1793, a society called *The Strangers at Home*, was founded at Garrick's Head, which for "*wit*, *harmony*, *regularity* and *consequence*," eclipsed every club in London. Among the founders of it were Mr. Bernard and Mr. Fennell. A right reverend divine, Mr. Harley, was chaplain, and Mr. O'Keefe poet laureat, to the society. O'Keefe had enga-

ged to write a constitutional song; but failing to produce it in season, the following was written at a few hours notice, by Mr. Bernard.

## *Constitutional Song of the Strangers at Home;*

*Consisting of a Catalogue of Plays and Farces.*

I.

DICK Ranter, the spouter, a king at quotation,
To elope with Miss Kitty receiv'd invitation;
Her letter ran thus—*All the World is a Stage,*
So say *What you will*, 'tis *Bon Ton* to engage.

II.

Dick snatch'd up a pen, overjoyed at the task,
And thus he replied——My sweet *Virgin Unmask'd,*
*Trip to Scotland* you want, but should I be inclin'd,
The *Critick* now asks, would *You know your own Mind?*

III.

*The Comedy of Errours* might fall in our way,
*Reparation* might *Bellow*, or *Duellist* slay;
*Love for Love*, though enchanting, it may not last long,
And *The Grey Beards* would tell us we're *All in the Wrong.*

IV.

But just *As you like it*, without *Much Ado,*
*Ways and Means* we will find to see fam'd *Fontainbleau:*
*A Bold Stroke, Neck or Nothing*, Dick Ranter's your man,
There are *More Ways than One*, so *Stop him who can.*

V.

My *Belle's Stratagem's* good, yet *Contrivances* find,
*The Hypocrite* play, your *Duenna* to blind;
This *Elopement* a *Clandestine Marriage* she'll 'gage,
For *Love laughs at Locksmiths* in every age.

VI.

*She would and she would not*, I'll ne'er say of you,
*The Romance of an Hour* you ne'er had in view;
*The Romp*, not *The Fool*, your intent has displayed,
Therefore *Miss in her Teens* shall not die *The Old Maid.*

VII.

*The Positive Man* will bet high we're undone,
While *Adventurers* as *Chances* will take *Two to One;*

*School for Scandal* will state in *The Liar's* gazette,
*Three Weeks after Marriage*, *A Wife to be let.*

VIII.

*Duplicity's* rock *Just in Time* will I shun,
And from *Gamesters* and all their vile tricks will I run;
In their deep *Road to Ruin* I never will halt,
But still bear in mind *Every One has his Fault.*

IX.

*The Way to get married* 'tis plain you have found,
Yet *Maids as they are* all my senses confound;
By *Wives as they were* fix your dress and your mind,
And *A Cure for the Heart-Ach* we ever shall find.

X.

Our *Choleric Fathers* will melt and grow mild,
When *The Padlock* of Hymen secures *The Spoiled Child;*
And *The Wags* with *Odd Ditties* will new tune their throats,
When the sweet *Child of Nature* has sown her *Wild Oats.*

XI.

*Man and Wife* we must never *Cross Purposes* play,
Lest *Separate Maintenance* lead us astray;
'Tis *The Way of the World*, *Reprisals* to make,
But avoid *Lover's Quarrels*, they're all from *Mistake.*

XII.

If you seek a *Divorce*, never marry again,
For *A Wife of Two Husbands* on wedlock's a stain;
Let the sweet *Voice of Nature* our passions still tune,
And each month of our lives be a new *Honey Moon.*

XIII.

*The Will* of my father I hear has a flaw,
*The West-Indian* asserts he's the true *Heir at Law;*
But with *Love in a Cottage* we'll *Cheap Living* find,
And mum—I've *The Secret* for *Raising the Wind.*

XIV.

At the soft *Midnight Hour* I'll wait your approach,
In a chaise for *The Heiress*, I hate *The Stage Coach;*
*Wedding Ring* shall be ready, and *I'll tell you what*,
*A Word to the Wise*, we'll rehearse *Tit for Tat.*

XV.

*The Agreeable Surprise* you shall often obtain;
But of *Love's Labour lost* you must never complain,
Nor chide *The Inconstant*, of mirth when brimfull,
If he join in the laugh or the roar of *John Bull.*

The last line of verses 5 and 15 have been lately altered, and verses 12 and 13 added, by the author.

Mr. Bernard's first appearance on the American stage was made at New-York, Aug. 17, 1797, in the character of *Goldfinch*, in the Road to Ruin. He was engaged by Mr. Wignell, and at the opening of the winter campaign was introduced to the Philadelphia audience in the characters of *Ruttekin* and *The Liar*. He continued at that place till the summer of 1803.

In the autumn of 1803, he was engaged by Mr. Powell, manager of the Boston theatre. He appeared in the character of *Humphrey Gubbins*, in the Battle of Hexham, and received from a brilliant audience the most unequivocal demonstrations of applause. His professional talents and reputable conduct in private life have recommended him to the publick favour.

Curiosity is fixed on the figure of men who have filled any unusual space in the publick eye. Mr. Bernard's person is of the middling size and well made, his complexion ruddy and hair dark. His great power in varying his features enables him, as it were, to identify himself with the person he is to represent. To this the compass of his voice and the accuracy of his ear greatly contribute ; while his eye has the happy faculty of *looking the passion* he means to express. To these advantages for forming an actor,

may be added a discriminating judgment and a taste improved by cultivation.

Whatever merit attaches to industry in his profession, may be justly considered as belonging to Mr. Bernard. He studies the sense of his author with indefatigable diligence ; and is always at home in the various parts which he undertakes to act. An enlightened audience, which will not be insulted with impunity, by the culpable negligence of actors, appreciates this respectful attention more than is generally imagined.

His range of acting has been extensive---from the most polished gentleman to the most awkward clown, through the intermediate families of fops, humourists, and distinctive characters of various kinds. Our limits will only allow us to mention such as, *Lord Ogleby*, *Goldfinch*, *Sheva*, in " the Benevolent Hebrew," the *Jew* in the "Jew and Doctor," *Nipperkin*, *Dennis Brulgruddery*, *Farmer Ashfield*, *Ruttekin*, *Lovegold* and *Diddler*. All which characters, and many more, it is well known, have been been personated by him with great applause.

Mr. Bernard's *Lord Ogleby*, which appeared first on one of the London Theatres, at the same time the celebtated Mr. King was playing in the same character at the other, was alone sufficient to have made the former rank high on the list of the distinguished actors of the age. Since that period, he has improved much in this part, and since the

death of Mr. King, is it presumed by those who have seen it performed in Europe as well as in America, Mr. Bernard's assumption would not suffer by a comparison with that of any performer now on the stage.

We must still be indulged in just touching on his uncommon success in the difficult part of *Lovegold*, in the "Miser." This he played in Boston the winter before last, for the first time in his life. In it, he displayed the skill of a master: for it proved to be his *chef d'œuvre*. It has been said by a person who has seen Moliere's Miser performed in Paris and Fielding's in London, that it is doubtful in his mind, whether this character has not been exhibited with as much fidelity to nature, in Boston, as in either of those capitals. The lesson, on the miserable consequences resulting from an inordinate love of riches, could not have been more strongly impressive. Nor could the *the ill-sorted connection* of *avarice* and *gallantry* have been more effectually exposed to ridicule, than it was by Mr. Bernard in this character of *Lovegold*, aided by Mrs. Shaw in that of *Lappet*. It is but justice to say, her representation was highly spirited and correct. The inimitable comick humour interspersed in the principal scene between them must have set all human gravity of muscles at defiance. In the excess of frantick feeling, when the miser discovers he has been robbed of his darling treasure, Bernard rose with his subject; and

without ranting, or outstepping "the modesty of nature," he expressed by turns, the furious yet debilitating passions of *rage*, *grief* and *despair*, with their appropriate characteristicks and with uncommon effect.

It is with great satisfaction we have to add, that the person of whom we are now treating is not less *estimable* for his *moral*, than *respectable* in his *professional*, character. He is entitled to the better plaudit for having performed well all the relative duties of life. He is a constant and serious attendant on religious worship. He was a good husband. During the last winter he lost an excellent wife, with whom he had lived many years in the greatest conjugal happiness. By her he has three children, to whom he is a tender and indulgent parent, and for whose welfare, he is solicitious to realize a competent and independent provision. This induces him, however liberal in his disposition, to attend to a strict economy in the management of his affairs. His salary and benefits have been so handsomely productive, that he has laid up money since he has been in America. His prospects are now still more favourable than they have been.

The Theatre in Boston has been let by the proprietors, for five years, to the present managers, of whom Mr. B. is one. He embarked for England, a few days ago, to bring out a reinforcement to the company. We sincerely wish that he may meet with suc-

cess ; that the publick may be gratified with the elegant and interesting amusement of a well regulated and improved Theatre ; and that the managers and all concerned may be generally rewarded for their honest endeavours to provide this rational gratification for the town.

We understand there are a number of anecdotes respecting Mr. Bernard, in a work printed some years since in England, from which we entertain a hope of being able to make some amusing extracts in a future number. J.

*Newbury-Street, April, 1806.*

*For the Polyanthos.*

## EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

*The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, especially the parchments.*
2 Tim. iv. 13.

Several conjectures upon the contents of the parchments, which Paul seems most anxious to regain, have been made by the curious and learned. Some have supposed that they contained his freedom bill, as a Roman citizen, which he thought would be of use to him in his trial. Others have conjectured that they were the originals of his epistles, which he had written and sent to several churches. As this second epistle to Timothy was written during his last confinement at Rome, and not long before his martyr-

dom, it is highly probable that they contained some instructions which he had penned under divine inspiration, and wished to preserve for the edification of the body of Christ, which is the church.

That written notes, or sermons, are better calculated to answer this important end, which is the grand object of the christian ministry, than extemporaneous addresses, I shall endeavour in the following paragraphs to show.

The opposers to written sermons, who are generally among the illiterate, the artful and the vain, refer us to apostolick example. Whatever conclusion may be drawn from this argument, it is certainly a very unfair way of reasoning. The principles on which the argument is founded are not of general application; of course the conclusion is unjust when applied to preachers in general. The apostles, it is granted, were under immediate inspiration; they were endowed with various miraculous gifts, which eminently qualified them without previous study and labour for the work of the ministry. To make their reasoning just and conclusive, they ought to grant what they seem not disposed to grant, that all whom Christ commissions to preach are endowed with miraculous gifts. Besides, it does not appear that the apostles did not occasionally write their discourses. We know that they wrote many epistles, which differ in nothing but the

name from didactick and popular harangues. We have abundant proof that they *could* write with great elegance and pathos. We have a high degree of probability in favour of the conclusion, that they frequently *did* write their publick addresses to the people.

There are many reasons for inducing the teachers of religion to study and pen their publick discourses. The truths of religion are of too great weight to be trusted to the uncertain impulse of the moment. Their reception into the hearts of the auditors greatly depends on the dress in which they are presented to them, and the arrangement in which they are brought forward.

Preaching with notes has many advantages which extemporaneous instruction cannot boast, and is free from those evils which usually attend the other mode of preaching. These are, want of method and connection, ill choice of words, sameness of sentiment and phraseology, scarcity of ideas, unintentional errours, mis-quotations and constructions, and finally, inflammatory addresses, which put the passions in motion, but impart no strength to the understanding to direct or control them. Dr. Cotton Mather in his day remarked, that there were some in New-England, who preached to tolerable acceptance without the use of notes ; *sed rari apparent* ; but they rarely appear.

I shall conclude with the remarks of several eminent divines, which I find collected

by the indefatigable author of the "Magnolia Christi."

Bishop Burnet observes, 'that many complaints were made of those who were licensed to preach about the time of the reformation; and that they might be able to justify themselves, they began to write and read their sermons. Thus did this custom begin in New-England; by which what is wanting in heat and force of delivery is made up by the strength and solidity of the matter.'

Mr. Baxter says, 'I use notes as much as any body when I take pains, and as little as any man when I am lazy.'

Dr. Mather adds his own remarks on this subject, which I think are incomparably excellent, brilliant and just. 'I would have a distinction made between the reading of notes and the using of them. If the preacher use his notes as the lawyer does his minutes, and carry a full quiver into the pulpit, from which he may at one glance of his eye, after the lively shooting of one arrow fetch out the next, it might be a thousand ways advantageous.' A.

*Chelmsford, April,* 1806.

# SELECTIONS

*From the "Beauties of Owen Felltham."*

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## ON FAME.

It seems strange that man should be excited by the desire of a noble fame and memory after his death, when the account must pass upon his actions, and not upon the report of others. Virtue were a kind of misery if Fame only were all the garland that crowned her. Glory alone would be a reward incompetent for the toils of industrious man: this follows him but on earth; in heaven is laid up a more noble, more essential recompense: yet in others I will honour the fame, where deserving deeds have given birth to it—in myself, I will regard those actions that may merit it. I will not for itself seek it, though I shall be glad if it may follow me, to excite others that they may go beyond me. If I can but tread the path that leads to it, I shall on my own account be content. Check thyself, vain man, that with the ardour of a diseased fancy dost pursue fleeting shadows! Love substances, and hear what Boetus tells thee;

He that seeks a glorious prize,
Thinking that the top of all,
Let him view the expanded skies,
And the earth's contracted ball;
Then blush to think that glory's plan
Is bounded by the breath of man.

## ON THE USE OF PLEASURE.

THE wisdom of Demosthenes was admirable in the answer he returned to Corinthian Lais, "I would not buy repentance at so dear a rate." Surely pleasure is lawful, and God at first did ordain it for use, and if we take it as it was provided for us, we take it without a sting; but when in the measure or manner we exceed, we sully the pure stream. As every dishonest action is but an earnest laid down for grief, so vice is the infallible forerunner of wretchedness; on the best conditions it brings repentance and torment too.

I like those pleasures that are legitimated by the bounty of heaven, after which no fancied goblin upbraids the sense for using them: such may be dreamt over and not disturb my sleep; the use of them is like taking off the parching of the summer sun by bathing in a pure and crystal fountain; while unlawful pleasures, though they look fair and attractive, carry a venomous quality with them.

A wise man will not venture on that for present enjoyment, which will inevitably involve him in future pain and suffering. Whatever we do, we ought first to examine the sequel or end; if that be good, our pleasures will be crowned with ease and content; but to rush on any delight that must end in sadness, suits not the prudence of a sound mind;

it is but over-rating pleasure to undervalue vexation, and like a beast to be caught in the snare by dint of appetite.

### ON POLICY IN FRIENDSHIP.

POLICY in friendship is like logick in truth, a kind of crafty wisdom that turneth every thing to self profit. Give me a friend who is virtuously wise, not cunningly hid. Scipio would not believe it was the counsel of a wise man, which taught so to love as if we were soon to hate. The purpose of true affection is perpetuity: that friendship which is soon at an end was never well begun. The politick heart is too full of angles and devices for a plain and honest character to meddle with. The end of policy is for a man to make himself great; the end of true friendship is to promote the interest and well-being of another. The perfection of love is constancy, and of friendship disinterestedness.

### ON OSTENTATION.

HE that boasteth, if he be not ignorant, is at least inconsiderate, and knows little of the casualties which man is exposed to; if he had intrinsick worth, he would rather wait till the world had found it, than impatiently proclaim it; it is more true satisfaction for a man to know himself honest than for all the world to approve him so. Virtue is built upon herself, and we disgrace her

work when we go about to seduce the voice of approbation.

Phocion called bragging Laosthenes the cypress tree, which makes a fair shew, but seldom bears any fruit. He that does good for applause only, fails of the right end, since to be truly virtuous is to be so for virtue's sake. To act well is as much applause as a good man labours for. When a soldier boasted too much of a scar in his forehead, he was asked by Augustus if he did not get it when he looked back in flight. To neglect fame is far more noble than to beg it. We do but undervalue goodness, when, slighting her inward approbation, we seek the uncertain warrant of men.

## ON CURIOSITY IN KNOWLEDGE.

The delight of some men seems to be to puzzle the soul, and to dazzle the mind's dim sight. In matters whereof we may be certain, it is well worth the labour to be instructed; but in religion itself, where reason is at a loss, I will be content to retire with admiration. Much may be gained by studious enquiry, while that which remains is as a sea, which is too deep for the confined powers of the human mind to fathom. One will tell us of our Saviour's disputations among the doctors, and another what became of the body of Moses: the schools have made more questions than they have decid-

ed, leading us by nearer approaches to a sun that blinds us. The husbandman who looks not beyond the plough and the scythe, is in much more quiet than the divided mind of the sceptick. Why should we rack our brains for unprofitable discoveries? Since, though we cannot know how much is hid, we may profit by what is discovered.

## *DRAMATICK CRITICISM.*

### HOME'S DOUGLAS.

[*From the Theatrical Censor.*]

THE favourite tragedy of "Douglas," in spite of its numerous beauties, must always, like many other dramas, owe the greater part of its reputation to stage effect. Even in the theatre, it is far from affording that unmixed pleasure, which springs from the conception of a tale, noble, lovely, or comick, in all its parts, and from the awakening in the mind of no other ideas than those of truth and virtue. That Lady Randolph should, in early life, have lost both her husband and her child; that her succeeding years should have been passed in grief; that this child should be at length restored, and restored a noble youth, filled with martial fire, and worthy of his father and of her; that this cup of joy should be again dashed from her lips; that this

—— hapless son of a most hapless sire,

—"the beautiful, the brave," should almost instantly perish; and that her exhausted spirit should sink under this last wound; all these are circumstances highly interesting, and the combination of which is truly tragick: it fills us with the sublime sentiment of pity for suffering virtue.—Add to this, Douglas contains much harmony of versification, much richness of language, and much grandeur of thought. But, when we are obliged to follow the mean and intricate story of Lady Randolph's second marriage, and the pretended mourning for her brother, (an artifice acted for so long a period) we are shocked at that continued insincerity of which a noble mind is utterly incapable. A poet, indeed, may learn in the barbarian school of the world, to patch together incongruities like these, but he will never see them, where alone he ought to copy, in *la belle nature*. The hero of a poem may be imperfect; but not in those points which constitute the very essence of a hero. He may commit great crimes through the violence of passion; but never the smallest through deliberate deceit. He must, in the language of Elvira, "if not always *justly*, at least act always *greatly*."

It is well known, that Mr. Home was dismissed from the ministry of the church of Scotland on account of this production. The event has usually been attributed to the nar-

row principles of the presbytery, in whose eyes the pen of a clergyman was polluted by writing for the stage. It might be so: but, upon the whole, we are not entirely surprised that a body, having the authority, should exercise this severity toward the author of Douglas. There are many passages which do not evince the greatest correctness of thinking. We shall not insist on those *helps* to superstition which might be pointed out, but which the world does not appear to call immoral, nor those mistaken ideas of Providence which afflict so many of mankind. We shall content ourselves with holding up one instance, in which our judgment will have a better chance of general support. The seducer, Glenalvon, hypocritically defends himself in these words:

> Permit me yet to say, that the fond man
> Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,
> If he is brought by love to misery,
> In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
> Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
> Which on such beggars freely is bestowed:
> For mortals know that love is still their lord,
> And o'er their vain resolves advances still.

Surely this sophistry should have received a different reply from Lady Randolph than that which is "set down for her:"

> Reserve those accents for another ear;
> To love's apology I listen not.

Glenalvon, like a true sophist, confounds love with seduction; Lady Randolph, with the clear-headedness of virtue, should, in one word, have separated them.

But Lady Randolph is disgraced on other occasions. Does she not satirize the sex, when she says to her child, and on such an occasion,

> Arise, my son ! in me thou dost behold
> The poor remains of beauty once admired ?

This is the language of a poet and not that of a mother.

We shall examine no further the imperfections of this play, but turn to a rapid view of some of those many beauties which justify its fame. Two scenes alone have any considerable pretensions to dramatick merit ; the discovery and the death of Douglas. In the former, the poet has some fine touches, and the actor a field for the display of considerable powers.—When Norval relates that he saved the infant from the river, Lady Randolph is so convinced that that infant was her son, that she makes no enquiry about its case, but only—

> —— Was he alive?

She is assured he was. Her imagination still dictates. She has no doubt of his death :

> Inhuman that thou art,
> How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared ?

Norval delivers, at some length, a remark of a merely general nature :

> The needy man, &c.

Passages of this kind often deserve no better name than that of splendid errours of dramatick genius. The present is very natur-

ally placed ; but if it become the mouth of Norval, what a burst of excellence does it not call for in the representative of Lady Randolph ! With what an agony of impatience must not a mother hear this interruption of the history of her " long-lost hope !" How often must she be on the point of interrupting it ; and with what difficulty must she restrain herself, in expectation that still the next word will speak of Douglas.

Her imagination never gives up the worst: " Not many days ago," says Norval, " he was alive." She " wrests his words to her purpose," and exclaims,

> O heavenly powers ! did he then die so lately ?

But what a victory of the heart, what an abandonment of every prudential consideration, when she arrives at the end of the narrative ! for her first marriage, and the birth of her child, were alike secrets which she had carefully preserved—

> 'Tis he ! 'tis he himself ! It is my son !
> O sovereign mercy ! 'Twas my child I saw!

In the short dialogue that precedes the death of Douglas, every line contains some beauty of the first order. It is difficult to say, whether the last surpass, or only equal, all the rest.

> —— My eyes, that gaze on thee,
> Grow dim apace !—My mother !—O my mother !

## DON PEDRO I. OF PORTUGAL.

THE royal monastery of Alcobaca is seated in a pretty village of the same name, about fifteen leagues north of Lisbon; it is well sheltered, particularly towards the west, by rising grounds, which gradually ascend to an immense elevation. It was founded in the year 1170, by Alphonso the First, King of Portugal, in consequence of taking the fortress of Santerem from the Moors, the capture of which he previously avowed to commemorate by a monastery. A Portuguese writer, in speaking of this magnificent structure, says, its cloisters are cities, its sacristy a church, and the church a basilisk.

Among the Portuguese interred in this monastery there are two, viz. DON PEDRO and DONNA IGNEZ DE CASTRO. Contiguous to the transept of the church belonging to this convent, there is a gothick mausoleum of hewn stone, in the middle of which are two magnificent sepulchres of white marble, containing the remains of Don Pedro the First, King of Portugal, and of Donna Ignez de Castro, his consort. A cumbent effigy of each is placed on their respective tombs, by which the former is represented with a long beard, a severe countenance, and in the act of drawing his sword. The latter is represented with a beautiful, innocent countenance, dressed in royal robes, and adorned with the diadem.

There are but few personages recorded in history who have been oftener celebrated by dramatick writers than this princess. There have been no less than five tragedies formed from her pitiful narrative ; *viz.* two in English, one in French, one in Spanish, and one in Portuguese. The latter, perhaps, aproaches the nearest to the truth of history, and is not inferiour in point of poetical merit. The author, *Senhor Nicola Luis*, had no occasion to resort to fiction to heighten the passions of an audience, as the simple facts are sufficient to fill up all the scenes of pity and terrour, and to shew to what lengths love and revenge are capable of transporting the human mind.

The subject of this tragical piece is as follows : Don Pedro, son of Alonzo the Fourth, King of Portugal, and heir apparent to the crown, having fallen in love with a lady of the court, named Donna Ignez de Castro, thought he could not share the crown which awaited him with a more amiable person. She united to all the charms of beauty, the most amiable and accomplished manners. The prince, waving all considerations of birth and fortune, was privately married to her by the Bishop of Guarda.

Notwithstanding the nuptials were performed with all the secresy imaginable, yet they reached the King's ear, who had premeditated a consort for Don Pedro in the King of Castile's daughter. He questioned him

as to the truth of the report ; but knowing his father's arbitrary disposition, he thought it prudent then to conceal the fact.

The noblity also had intimation of the marriage, and the preference given to Ignez had awakened their jealousy. Hence they took every opportunity of representing her as a woman of the greatest ambition, and pretended that very fatal consequences were to be apprehended from such an alliance ; they also condemned the Prince as a rash and disobedient son.

The King, who was a man of weak understanding, gave ear to their calumny, and they worked upon his passions to that degree that he resolved to murder the unfortunate Princess. Accordingly he set out to perpetrate the horrid deed, accompanied by three of his courtiers, and a number of armed men.

Donna Ignez at this time resided in Coimbra, in the palace of Santa Clara, where she passed her time in the most private manner, educating her children, and attending to the duties of her domestick affairs.

The Prince, unfortunately, was abroad on a hunting party when the King arrived. The beautiful victim came out to meet him with her two infant children, who clung about his knees, screaming aloud for mercy. She prostrates herself at his feet, bathes them with tears, and supplicates pity for her children, beseeching him to banish her to some

remote desart, where she would gladly wander an exile with her babes.

The feelings of nature arrested his arm, just raised to plunge a dagger in her breast. But his counsellors, urging the necessity of her death, and reproaching him for his disregard to the welfare of the nation, he relapsed into his former resolution, and commanded them to dispatch her; at which they rushed forward, regardless of the cries of innocence and beauty, and instantly struck off her head!

Soon after the above transaction the Prince arrived; but, alas! found those eyes, that were used to watch his return with impatience, closed in death. The sight of beloved Ignez weltering in gore, filled his mind with distraction, and kindled every spark of revenge within his soul. In all the agony of rage he called on the avenginghand of heaven to punish those monsters who deprived him of all he held dear upon earth.

As soon as her remains were interred, he put himself at the head of an army who sympathized with his distress; he carried fire and sword through the adjacent provinces, and laid waste the estates of the murderers. The royal troops could not oppose them; they fled at the appearance of the gallant avengers of innocence. But the King, wretched man! could not fly from himself; the cries of his grand children still echoed in his ears, and the bleeding image of their unfortunate

mother was still before his eyes. Death at length commiserated his situation, and he expired full of repentance for his accumulated crimes. He was an undutiful son, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father.

The prince now ascended the throne in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He no sooner obtained the power, than he meditated to revenge the death of his beloved Ignez. The three murderers, namely, Pedro Coello, Diogo Lopez Pacheo, and Alvaro Gonsalvez, had fled into Castile previous to the death of the late King. The prince ordered them to be tried on a charge of high treason, and being found guilty, their effects were confiscated. Next, he contrived to seize their persons, by agreeing with the King of Castile that both should reciprocally deliver up the Portuguese and Castilian fugitives, who sought protection in their respective dominions. Gonsalvez and Coello were accordingly arrested, and sent in chains to Portugal; Pacheo escaped into France.

The King was at Santerem when the delinquents were brought to him, and instantly ordered them to be laid on a pyre that was previously formed, contiguous to which he had a banquet prepared. Before the torch was kindled, and whilst they agonized at every pore under the most lingering tortures, their hearts were cut out, one at his breast, the other at his back. Lastly, the pyre was set in a blaze, in presence of which he dined, whilst they evaporated in flames.

Having thus far appeased his insatiable thirst of revenge, he ordered his marriage with Donna Ignez to be published throughout the kingdom; then her body was taken out of the sepulchre, covered with regal robes, and placed on a magnificent throne, around which his ministers assembled and did homage to their lawful Queen.

After this ceremony, her corpse was translated from Coimbra to Alcobaca, with a pomp hitherto unknown in the kingdom; though the distance between these two places is fifty-two miles, yet the road was lined on both sides all the way with people holding lighted tapers. The funeral was attended by all the noblemen and gentlemen in Portugal, dressed in long mourning cloaks; their ladies also attended in white mourning veils.

The cloud which the above disaster cast over the mind of Don Pedro was never totally dispersed, and as he lived in a state of celibacy the remainder of his life, agreeable to his vow, there was nothing to divert his attention from ruminating on the fate of his beloved spouse. The impression her death made on him was strongly characterised, not only in the tortures he inflicted on her murderers, but also in the acts of his administration, which, from their severity, induced some to give him the appellation of Pedro the cruel; by others he was called Pedro the just.

## *MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.*

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### CRITICKS.

Some author, if I mistake not, has coarsely styled criticks *the dray-horses of literature.* But it would be more just to assign them the same rank in letters, which the tillers of the ground occupy among mankind. The earth produces bountifully—but to little or no purpose, did not the husbandman pluck away the noxious and useless plants, and select the wholesome, agreeable, useful ones, as the objects of cultivation, and the sources of his gain. His profession is the most honourable, for it is the most necessary and important: yet he is often slighted and avoided, while the soft-fingered, smerk-faced courtier receives unremitted attention.

Thus the criticks—they are more serviceable in the republick of letters, than any other class of writers, inasmuch as they excite enquiry, eradicate absurd principles, correct perverse taste, cultivate judgment, and direct the attention to such works and such means as will produce the best intellectual harvest. They delve in a barren soil, till something like fecundity appears—and again they prune a forest, "wild above rule or art," till it is admired for its regularity and beauty. They remove the rubbish and the rust of years, and present to our view a field of rich and deep soil, yielding fruit and flowers

in profusion. So Addison unfolded the stores of Miltons's matchless mind.

Still they are servants, and worse than servants; for they are not only not courted, but are often shunned as cautiously as pirates, while the whining novelist, and the fawning, fibbing poetaster, those fire-flies and butterflies of literature, are the delight (and I may add playthings) of the great and the fashionable world. Almost every person hates a critick, even though the one should, by the other's instruction, arrive at excellence. The most lenient of this unfortunate race (unless absolute panders) are looked upon as growlers, the most honest and persevering as necessary drudges; and the chief satisfaction they can receive, while living, is that of enjoying independent and just sentiments—which is more, I fear, than falls to the lot of those who merit their strictures. A captious critick should receive no quarter; and a just and able one must be content with safety and solitude. Their productions are but common and durable stuff, which is ever held in ordinary; although if this were prohibited in literary traffick, the remaining commerce would, ere long, consist chiefly in "show and empty sound."—They are emphatically *the farmers of literature.*

*Troy Gaz.*

### ON POLITENESS.

Excessive and too frequent marks of respect and esteem only tire those to whom they

are addressed, and on that account are the contrary of true politeness, whose only end is to please. It is a great art, to know how to vary these according to persons and circumstances. That which is only due respect to a superiour, would be to an equal accounted over-strained complaisance or affectation.

CUMBERLAND.

The dramatick and philological writings of this author are well known; and when I read the works of so pious and amiable a writer, I cannot but wish his "*Calvary, or the Death of Christ,*" might be more generally read. In the 5th book of this Poem, after having invoked those "sacred Guides," the Evangelists, to aid his attempts to describe the sufferings and death of our Saviour, he makes the following incidental remarks. The sentiments and style of this extract alike have charmed me; and, on the subject of worldly favour and temporary fame, I never found its compeer. *Troy Gaz.*

Musing my pious theme, as fits a bard
Far onward in the wintry track of age,
I shun the Muses' haunts, nor dalliance hold
With fancy by the way, but travel on
My mournful road, a Pilgrim grey with years;
One that finds little favour with the world,
Yet thankful for its least benevolence
And patient of its taunts; for never yet
Lured I the popular ear with gibing tales,
Or sacrificed the modesty of song,
Harping lewd madrigals at drunken feasts
To make the vulgar sport, and win their shout.

Me rather the still voice delights, the praise
Whispered, not published by fame's braying trump;
Be thou my herald nature! Let me please
The sacred few, let my remembrance live
Embosomed by the virtuous and the wise;
Make me, O Heav'n! by those, who love thee, loved:
So when the widow's and the children's tears
Shall sprinkle the cold dust, in which I sleep
Pompless and from a scornful world withdrawn,
The laurel, which its malice rent, shall shoot
So watered into life, and mantling throw
Its verdant honours o'er my grassy tomb.

## SENECA.

How fortunate is the guess of Seneca with regard to the discovery afterwards made by Columbus. Had he been one of the fathers of the christian church, it would doubtless have been considered as a prophecy. Having occasion to speak of the first navigators of the ship Argo, he burst forth into all the inspiration of poetry, foretelling more adventurous expeditions in the latter ages of the world, and the discovery of a new and more extensive continent in the west. His words, in an English translation, are as follow:

Time shall disclose a further shore,
And seas stretcht out earth's ample round;
New pilots shall new worlds explore,
Nor Thule be the western bound.

## THE CONNOISSEUR.

VERY early in life, (says a modern author,) I resided above a year at Paris, and happened one day to accompany five or six of my countrymen to view the pictures in the Pa-

lais Royal. A gentleman, who affected an enthusiastick passion for the fine arts, particularly that of painting, and who had the greatest desire to be thought a connoisseur, was of the party. He had read the lives of the painters, and had the *Voyage Pictoresque de Paris* by art. From the moment we entered the rooms he began to display all the refinement of his art. He shook his head at some pictures, tossed up his nose at others; commended a few, and pronounced sentence on every piece as he passed along.

We at length came to the St. John, by Raphael, and here this man of taste stopped short in the extacy of admiration.—One of the company had already passed it without minding it, and was looking at another picture, on which the connoisseur bawled out—"Good God, Sir! what are you about?" The honest gentleman started and stared around to know what crime he had been guilty of.

"Have you eyes in your head, Sir?" continued the connoisseur: "Don't you know St. John when you see him?"

"St. John!" replied the other in amazement; "Aye Sir; St. John the Baptist, in propria persona."

"I don't know what you mean, Sir," said the gentleman, peevishly.

"Don't you?" rejoined the connoisseur; "then I'll endeavour to explain myself. I mean St. John in the wilderness, by the di-

vine Rafaelle Sonzio da Urbino, and here it stands by your side.—Pray, my dear Sir, will you be so obliging as to bestow a little of your attention on that foot? Does it not start from the wall? Is it not perfectly out of the frame? did you ever see such colouring? They talk of Titian; can Titian's colouring excel that? What truth, what nature in the head! To the elegance of the antique, he has joined the simplicity of nature."

We stood listening in silent admiration, and began to imagine we perceived all the perfections he had enumerated: when a person in the Duke of Orleans' service, came and informed us, that the original, which he presumed was the picture we wished to see, was in another room: the Duke having allowed a painter to copy it. That which we had been looking at, was a very wretched daubing done from the original by some obscure painter, and had been thrown, with the other rubbish, into a corner, where the Swiss had accidentally discovered it, and hung it up merely by way of covering the vacant space on the wall, till the other should be replaced.

How the connoisseur looked on this trying occasion, I cannot say. It would have been barbarous to have turned an eye upon him. I fully determined to be cautious in deciding on the merit of painting; perceiving that it was not safe, in this science, to speak even from the book.

## *BOISSY THE POET.*

Boissy, the author of several dramatick pieces that were received with applause, met the common fate of those who give themselves up entirely to the arts of the muses. He laboured and toiled unremittingly---his works procured him fame, but no bread. He languished, with a wife and child, under the pressure of the extremest poverty.

But melancholy as his situation was, he lost nothing of that pride which is peculiar to genius, whether great or small; he could not creep and fawn at the feet of a patron. He had friends who would have administered relief to him; but they were never made acquainted with his real condition, or had not friendly impetuosity enough to force their assistance upon him.

Boissy became a prey to distress and despondency.—The shortest way to rid himself at once from all his misery seemed to him to be death. Death appeared to him as a friend, as a saviour, and deliverer; and gained his affection. His tender spouse, who was no less weary of life, listened with participation when he declaimed with all the warmth of poetick rapture, of deliverance from this earthly prison, and of the smiling prospect of futurity; and at length resolved to accompany him in death. But she could not bear to think of leaving her beloved son,

of five years old, in a world of misery and sorrow; it was therefore agreed to take the child along with them on their passage into another and better.

They were firmly resolved to die. But what mode of death should they adopt? They made choice of the most horrible---of starving: accordingly they waited, in their solitary and deserted apartment, their dear deliverer death, in his most ghastly form.—Their resolution and their fortitude were immoveable.

They locked the door and began to fast. When any one came and knocked, they fled trembling into the corner and were in perpetual dread lest their purpose should be discovered. Their little son, who had not yet learnt to silence the calls of hunger by artificial reasons, whispering and crying, asked for bread? but they always found means to quiet him.

It occurred to one of Boissy's friends, that it was very extraordinary he should never find him at home. At first he thought the family were removed; but, on being assured of the contrary, he grew more uneasy. He called several times in one day: always nobody at home! At last he burst open the door.—Oh what a sight!

He saw his friend, with his wife and son, lying on the bed, pale and emaciated, scarcely able to utter a sound. The boy lay in the middle, and the husband and the wife had

their arms thrown over him. The child stretched out his little hands towards his deliverer, and his first word was—bread! It was now the third day that not a morsel of food had entered his lips.

The parents lay still in a perfect stupor; they had never heard the bursting open of the door, and felt nothing of the embraces of their agitated friend. Their wasted eyes were directed towards the boy; and the tenderest expressions of pity were in the look with which they had last beheld him, and still saw him dying.

Their friend hastened to take measures for their deliverance; but could not succeed without difficulty. They thought they had already done with the troubles of the world, and were suddenly terrified at being forced into them again! Void of sense and reflection, they submitted to the attempts that were made to restore them to life. At length their friend hit upon the most efficacious means. He took the child from their arms, and thus called up the last spark of paternal and maternal tenderness. He gave the child to eat, who with one hand held his bread, and with the other alternately shook his father and mother; his piteous moans roused them at length from their death-like slumber. It seemed at once to awaken a new love of life in their hearts, when they saw that their child had left the bed and their embraces.

Nature did her office. Their friend procured them strengthening broths, which he put in their lips with the utmost caution, and did not leave them till every symptom of restored life was fully visible. Thus were they saved.

This transaction made much noise in Paris, and at length reached the ears of the Marchioness de Pompadour. Boissy's deplorable situation moved her. She immediately sent him a hundred louis d'ors, and soon after procured him the profitable place of *controlleur du Mercure de France*, with a pension for his wife and child, if they outlived him.

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*For the Polyanthos.*

The following theme was written by a young Miss, at Sterling, and spoken at the examination, in March 1806. The theme was given by one of the visitors, the premium a Volume.

"How still the morning of this hallowed day!
"Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
"The plough boy's whistle and the milkmaid's song."
*Grahame.*

Auspicious morning! celebrated by angels, chanting hallelujahs to him who burst the bars of death, and triumphed over the grave. Shall men observe a dumb silence? The plough boy may suspend his unmeaning whistle; and the ruddy milkmaid her innocent song; yet they will with reverence

join in an hymn of devout adoration and thanksgiving. How charming is this day? See the rich and the poor, the old and the young, repair to the temple of the Lord. The swain, at dawn of day, beats away the dew of the night to bathe himself, and restore his tired limbs; and another, with active steps, hurries to the assembly, and long anticipates the sound of the deep-toned bell; all join in praise;—praise universal echoes from every heart. On this divine jubilee—this day of rest, the toils and hardships of the week are forgotten—and hushed are all the savage passions. Thus, dressed in cleanly robes, "and like the king's daughter all glorious within," the people walk onward to the temple of Zion. Ever grateful day! I hail thee king of other days—king of domestick peace—of pleasure—of rest! Thou art ever welcome, ever lovely—whether in *winter's* frozen robe, or *autumn's* rural walks, to taste her richest fruits; or *summer's* sultry rays, to sit beneath the foliage of her groves, or in the lovely *spring* to view the violet, the lily, or the rose. Thou fillest all seasons with divine respect; the woodland walk, the verdant meadows, the chanting choir, the social converse, and the moral man, receive their rich delights from thee!—"Hallowed day! hush'd be the ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song."

C. H. K.

*Sterling*, 1806.

# *BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.*

## FROM THE SCHOOL OF REFORM.

*Lord Avondale.* COME hither—How is this, Robert? When I left England you were a youth, whose example was pointed out as an object of imitation—your morals were pure, your industry exemplary—how is it then that I now see you an abandoned outcast?

*Tyke.* Ah, sur, it was all along we' you.

*Lord A.* Me! was not my bounty ample? Did I not give you independence?

*Tyke.* Ah, that was it—when you sent me that little child to take care on—

*Lord A.* Hush!

*Tyke.* Well, well;—and that big lump of money! you see, as I had not worked for it, it made me quite fidgetty; I always had my hand in my pocket scrummelling it about like—so, as all Yorkshire lads like galloping horses, I bought one, and took't to races, up at our country side—and, ecod! I pulled stuff into my hat as clean as nine-pence. Oh, ho! says I, I'll make short work o'this; I'll go to Newmarket, where the lords do bring their cattle and settle matters in a hurry. So I went and mighty pleased I was; for the jockey lords called me Squire, you see—and clapping me on the back, in this manner, says, Squire, your horse will beat every thing!

*Lord A.* Indeed!

*Tyke.* Yes, yes—that was pleasant enough; but, unluckily the jockey lords told me a damned heap o'lies; for ma horse always came in *lag*-last.—Then they told ma to hedge; but it was not the hedging I had been used to, and some-

how I got intid ditch like.—So what with that and playing cards at *Lambs skinnings* (for, bless you, I could not catch them at Snitchums) I was—

*Lord A.* Ruined.

*Tyke.* Yes; as jockey lords said—completely cleaned out.

*Lord A.* Did you not return to honest labour?

*Tyke.* Oh, no, I could not—my hands had got soft and smooth, and I had a ring girt about my finger:—no, I could not tak to work—

*Lord A.* Go on.

*Tyke.* Why, as I could stay there no longer, I thought it would not be a bad plan to go away—so I went intid stable, and, would you believe it? the horse that beat mine sometimes, coax'd, and contrived to get me on his back like—and, ecod! galloped off wi'me a matter of a hundred miles. —I thought no more about it myself—

*Lord A.* But they did.

*Tyke.* Yes, dom them, and were very cross indeed; for they put me intid castle, and tried me at sizes.

*Lord A.* What could you say to avert your fate?

*Tyke.* Why, I told the judge—says I, my lord, I hope you'll excuse my not being used to this kind of takle—exchange is no robbery—mistakes of this kind will happen—but I assure you, I've kept the best of company we' jockey lords, and such like as yourself.—So they all smiled, as much as to say he's one of us like---and I thought all was right enough:---but the judge puts him on a black cap, and, without saying with your leave, or any thing, orders me to be hanged!---

*Lord A.* Poor wretch!

*Tyke.* Don't you be frightened; they did not hang ma' mum---dont'e believe that;—no, bless

you, they sent ma' to Botany Bay for fourteen years.

*Lord A.* Where I hope you remained, resigned to your fate.

*Tyke.* Oh! quite resigned—for I could not get away:— I dare say I tried a hundred times.

*Lord A.* Why did not I know this?—Had you sent to my house—

*Tyke.* I did send to your house.

*Lord A.* Well!

*Tyke.* Why, they wrote word, I think, that you had been called up to t'other house—but then I did not know where that was—and that you was sent abroad by government:—I was sorry to hear that, because I knew what that was by myself like—not that it surprised me, because I heard of your always being at *Cockpit*, and I guessed what that would end in.

*Lord A.* Pshaw!—Come hither; tell me—I dread to ask it—that child—where—hush! we are interrupted—retire into that room.

* * * * * * * * * * *

*Lord A.* I have received information that alarms—distracts me.—Come near—that boy—(what a question for a parent!)—does he survive?

*Tyke.* I don't know.

*Lord A.* Not know?

*Tyke.* No.

*Lord A.* Where did you leave him?

*Tyke.* Where did I leave him? Why—Come, come, talk of something else. *(Seems disturbed.)*

*Lord A.* Impossible!---Have you to human being ever told from whom you received that child?

*Tyke.* No.

*Lord A.* Then my secret's safe.

*Tyke.* I've said so.

*Lord A.* Why that frown? What! not even to your father?

*Tyke.* Who! *(Starts.)*

*Lord A.* What agitates you?---You had a father.

*Tyke.* Had a father! be quiet, be quiet. *(Walks about greatly agitated.)*

*Lord A.* By the name of him who indignantly looks down on us, tell me—

*Tyke.* *(striking his forehead)* Say no more about that, and you shall hear all. Yes, I had a father; and when he heard of my disgrace, the old man walked we' heavy heart I warrant, all the way tid' jail to see me; and he prayed up to heaven for me—*(Pointing but not daring to look up)*—just the same as if I had still been the pride of his heart like. *(Speaks with difficulty, and sighs heavily.)*

*Lord A.* Proceed.

*Tyke.* Presently.

*Lord A.* Did you entrust the child to his care?

*Tyke.* I did.

*Lord A.* Do not pause—you rack me.

*Tyke.* Rack you!—well, you shall hear the end out.—I meant to tell father all about the child; but, when parting came, old man could not speak; and I could not ſpeak;—well, they put me on board a ship, and I saw father kneeling on the shore with the child in his arms.---

*Lord A.* Go on.

*Tyke.* 'Tis soon said---*(Collecting his fortitude)* ---When the signal gun for sailing was fired, I saw my old father drop down dead--- and somebody took up child and carried it away. I felt a kind of dizziness; my eyes flashed fire, the blood gushed out of my mouth—I saw no more.--- *(Sinks exhausted into a chair.)*

*Lord A.* Horrible !---What ! record a father's death without a tear ?

*Tyke.* Tear ! do you think a villian who has a father's death to answer for can cry ?---No, no, I feel a pack of dogs worrying my heart, and my eyes on fire---but I can't cry.---*(a vacant stare of horror.)*

*Lord A.* And is this desolation my work ? Oh repent, repent !

*Tyke. (Starting up.)* For what ? is not father dead ?---a'n't I a thief---cursed---hated---hunted ? ---Why should I be afraid of the devil ? don't I feel him here ? My mouth's parched---

*Lord A.* Within is wine.

*Tyke.* Brandy, brandy !

*Lord A.* Compose yourself---follow me---you want sleep.

*Tyke.* Sleep, ha, ha ! under the sod I may. *(Points down and groans heavily)*

[*Exit, following Lord Avondale.*

## *THE GOSSAMOUR.*

A YOUNG man named Eretrius, was for a considerable time a follower of Zeno : on his return home his father asked him what he had learned : the other replied, " that would hereafter appear." On this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, " He had learned this,—to endure a parent's anger."

SOCRATES, being very old, and afflicted with indisposition, was asked how he did

"Well," he replied, "either way. If I recover, I shall be envied by many. If I die, I shall be praised by many."

ALEXANDER at one time sent to Phocion a great present of money. Phocion said to the messenger, "Why does the king send to me and to none else?" The messenger answered, "Because he takes you to be the only good man in Athens." Phocion replied, "If he thinks so, let him suffer me to be so still."

THE Duke of Vesu, at the head of a discontented party, conspired against the life of John the Second of Portugal. His Majesty having escaped the hand of the assassin three times, sent for the Duke and walked with him in a garden, where he conversed with him on the relative duty of the king and the subject; and at the end put this emphatical question to him, "What wouldst thou do to the man who attempted to take away thy life?" To which the Duke answered, "I would take away his first if I could." "Then verily," said the king, "As Nathan said to David, thou art the man;" and immediately plunged a dagger into his breast.

WHEN Marshal Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, "My Lord

Duke," says the Marshal, "you have beaten to-day the best troops in the world."—"*I hope*," replied the Duke, "*you except those who have had the honour of beating them.*"

THE great Sir Thomas Moore, had a natural turn for wit, and pleasantry. An acquaintance of his having taken great pains in writing a book, which he intended to publish, brought it to Sir Thomas for his opinion. —Sir Thomas, having looked it over, and finding it a foolish trifling performance, told the writer, with a grave face, that it would be worth more if it was in verse. The man, upon this, took his book home, and set about turning it into verse. When he finished it, he carried it again to Sir Thomas, who, having looked it over, said to him, "Ay, marry, now it is something; it is now rhyme, but before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

THERE is certainly a quiet ease in these lines from Patridge's Almanack, A. D. 1709.

Whether it rains, or whether it blows,
Whether it hails, or whether it snows,
If you have good ale and good tobacco,
What the devil would you have—do you know?

## THE POWER OF MUSICK.

While Mrs. BARNES was executing a song in *Hermann*, the cottage of *Adelmorn*, before

which she stood, was suddenly perceived to be in motion. Thoughtless of the justice of the comparison, the circumstance produced the following extempore epigram.

ORPHEUS of old made groves to move,
Put bird and beast to prancing,
But BARNES, without the power of *love*,
Sets even houses dancing!

## *SELECT SENTENCES.*

WHEN truth offends no one it ought to pass out of the mouth as naturally as the air we breathe.

IF with the pains we endure here we were immortal, we should be the most miserable of all beings. It is sweet and pleasing to hope we shall not live always.

IT seems that all we do is but a rough draught, and that always something remains to be done to make work complete.

POWER is not always proportionate to the will. One should be consulted before the other; but the generality of men begin by willing, and act afterwards as they can.

AFFECTATION discovers sooner what one is than it makes known what one would fain appear to be.

LAZINESS is a premature death. To be in no action, is not to live.

GREAT wants proceed from great wealth, and make riches almost equal to poverty.

WE should feel death but once; he who fears death, dies every time he thinks of it.

A MISER of sixty years old refuses himself necessaries, that he may not want them when he is a hundred.

Too much devotion leads to fanaticism; too much philosophy to irreligion.

THE prejudices of youth pass away with it: those of old age last only because there is no other age to be hoped for.

WE mount to fortune by several steps; but require only one step to come down.

I KNOW no real worth but that tranquil firmness which seeks dangers by duty, and braves them without rashness.

GREAT talkers resemble those musicians, who, in their airs, prefer noise to harmony.

RICHES would be little esteemed if they did not furnish vanity with the pleasure of having what others have not.

To be in a passion is to punish one's self for the faults and impertinencies of another.

WOMEN are like books, malice and envy will easily lead you to a detection of their faults; but their beauties good judgment only can discover, and good nature relish.

# THE MINSTREL.

*For the Polyanthos.*

## EXTRACT FROM "THE DIVINE,"

*A Poem in Six Books.*

Pride of his flock and pride of all the good,
See Buckminster, in early youth, adorn
The sacred desk. And while an idiot lure
Tempts many a young associate to avoid
The sainted path of wisdom, and to seek
A worthless good in Pleasure's syren wilds,
Or with base ardour toil for worldly gain,
Or climb the craggy cliffs of earthly power;
Be his the higher aim to nobly shine
The young Josias of a christian age;
And, by a bright example, hasten on
The promis'd era and the glorious reign
Of him, who has ordain'd from infant lips
Of babes and sucklings his perfected praise.
With polish'd periods, grac'd with all the aid
Of ancient lore and chastest modern style;
And, what's more priz'd, with apt quotation grac'd,
From the rich pages of the inspired pen,
Which mock all human rhetorick to scorn,
The classick christian breathes the chaste discourse;
With temperate zeal the wandering sinner warns;
Sustains the pious with the promis'd grace;

Confirms the doubting; wakens the secure;
With mild consoling voice the wretched cheers;
And, with the purest elegance of speech,
Gives new attraction to the gospel truth.

S.

---

*For the Polyanthos.*

*Mr. Editor,*

*In your introductory address you engaged to patronize the effusions of modest and retired worth. The following elegant lines were written in a blank leaf of Mrs. Bryan's Astronomy; and are the earliest essay of a young lady, who may perhaps blush to find one of those many productions, with which she delights a circle of admiring friends, thus unexpectedly exposed to the publick eye.* S.

By science aided, Bryan's pen displayed
To my astonish'd view those wondrous scenes;
Innumerous suns, in living pomp arrayed,
And worlds rejoicing in their genial beams.

One powerful law through all extends its force,
Bids in fix'd path the unwieldy planet roll,
Restrains the fiery comet in its course,
And in bright order forms th' harmonious whole.

Even in the moral world its power we own,
When souls meet souls in kindred taste allied;
Congenial hearts, congenial genius *known*,
In vain attraction's power we strive to hide.

---

*For the Polyanthos.*

## THE EVERGREEN.

Keenly blew the wintry gale,
Whistling through the leafless trees;
The mountain's top, the plain, the vale,
Were whiten'd by the snowy breeze.

No verdant leaf then grac'd the bough,
No vivid child of spring was seen,

Save where, amidst the drifted snow,
Appear'd the stately Evergreen.

From off the juvenescent pine
Two verdant sprigs Cesario tears:
"*This*," said the youth, "shall still be mine,
"While *that* Amanda's bosom bears."

As pleas'd she view'd the verdant spray,
Whose beauty brav'd the wintry blast,
"Well it portrays," he seem'd to say,
"That Friendship which shall ever last."

"Ah, simple maid," grave Reason cries,
"Ah, cease to heed the pleasing giver;
"For know that Memory quickly dies,
"And even Evergreens will wither."

PSYCHE.

*Briar-Hill*, 1806.

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*For the Polyanthos.*

*The following Song was extremely popular in the days of Shakespeare; and although some of our "aunciente" Bachelors may not find it to their taste, yet it contains much sensible and moral reflection; and the lovers of the drama will read, with delight, the* entire song, *an extract from which is sung by the grave-digger, while preparing the grave of Ophelia.* S.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

I LOTHE *that* I did love
In youth *that* I thought swete,
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled,
And tract of time begynnes to weave
Grey heares upon my hed.

For age with stealing steppes
Hath clawde me with his crouche,
And lusty lyfe away she leapes
As there had been none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she dyd before,
My hand and pen are not in plight
As they have been of yore.

For reason me denyes
This youthly ydle ryme,
And day by day unto me cryes
Leave off those toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my browe,
The furrowes in my face,
Say, lymping age will lodge him now,
Where youth must gere him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ryde,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,
Doth byd me to provyde.

A pick-ax and a spade,
And eke a shrouding shete,
A house of clay for to be made,
For such a guest is mete.

Methinks I hear the clark
That knoles the careful knell,
And byddes me leave my woful work,
Ere nature me compell.

My keepers knit the knot,
That youth dyd laugh to scorn,
Of me that clean shall be forgot
As I had not been born.

Thus must I youth gere up,
Whose badge I long dyd weare,
To them I yeld the wanton cup
That better may it beare.

Lo here the bare hed skull,
By whose balde signe I know,
That stouping age away shall pull,
Which youthfull yeres did sowe.

For beauty with her band
These crooked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me unto the land
From whence I fyrst was brought.

And ye that byde behind,
Have ye none other trust,
As ye of clay were cast by kynd,
So shall ye waste to dust.

---

*For the Polyanthos.*

## THE MECHANICK PREFERRED.

*An Epigram....Founded on a recent fact.*

One day lively Sue, at a female tea-drinking,
Says, Come tell me girls, for I have been thinking,
If we all had our choice to be married tomorrow,
What *business* in life our husbands should follow?
Why I'd have a Doctor, says Sally the witty;
And I'd have a Lawyer, says Sophy the pretty;
Says Nancy the sober, from both these I pass on,
Give me, for my husband, the lovely young parson.
I am not so high-minded, says sly little Mary,
As to raise my ambition to men literary;
Those wise learned husbands to you I resign,
But give me, O give me, a Cooper for mine.

S.

---

## EPIGRAM.

Wit is a feather---Pope has said,
And females never doubt it;
So those who've least within the head,
Display the most without it.

## PROLOGUE

*To the new tragedy of* "FOSCARI, or the Venetian Exile," *written by* JOHN B. WHITE, *Esq. and performed at the Charleston Theatre*, 1806.

BY A FRIEND....SPOKEN BY MR. STORY.

OFT on these boards, as love or rage inspir'd,
The Muse of Shakespeare has your bosoms fir'd:
And oft the tender scene by Otway drawn,
Has fill'd your eyes with sorrows not your own.
Then while with liberal hand you thus reward,
And crown with fame full many a foreign bard,
To night, we hope, though humbler be his strain,
A native Poet will not sue in vain.
To distant climes his Muse adventurous flies,
Where Venice points her turrets to the skies;
His story simple, natural and brief,
A tender record of domestick grief;---
A maid of matchless merit, doom'd to prove
The heart-felt agony of hopeless love;---
A father's peace by laws too stern undone;
A mother, mourning for her exil'd son;---
That son defying misery's keenest dart,
For friends that closely twin'd around his heart:
And falling cheerful in the villain's toil,
To tread once more his dear-lov'd, native soil.
On scenes like these, our author rests his cause,
And trembling, doubts, yet strives for your applause;---
Ah! be not too severe---with gentle hand
Cherish this scion of your native land:
To *all* your care, his offspring he commends,
Ye generous patrons, countrymen and friends.
But chief to you, ye fair, he gently sues,
For who will dare to blame, if you refuse?
Be kind, then---gild your Poet's humble name,
Your smile is victory, your applause is fame!

## EPILOGUE.

BY MR. CARPENTER...SPOKEN BY MRS. WHITLOCK.

[*Coming forward on tiptoe, looking carefully about as if fearful of being observed by the players.*]

HUSH !---Let me look around me ere I speak,
(And speak I must, or else my heart will break)
For were I heard by these same fustian factors,
Whom fortune's errours or their own make actors,
Blabbing my thoughts, I'm not without my fears,
That I should get it on both sides my ears.
*Looks about again to the wings.*
Ay---They're all gone I see---Then *entre nous*,
About our trade, I'll hint a word or two ;
And as our sex is privileg'd to say,
Whate'er occurs---I'll speak about the play.
'Mongst us, in one short evening, you may scan,
The long and comprehensive life of man.
Like man we oftimes wear a face of woe,
While joys tumultuous in our bosoms glow ;
Like man we laugh, as if with mirth half mad,
While all within, is sorrowful and sad.
As with dissembled grief, the new fledg'd heir,
Shrouded in black, affects to drop a tear ;
So with fond thoughts, a *Lear* or *Rolla* dies,
While his sly sweetheart, waits for him to rise.
And many a *Falstaff*, chuckles through his part,
While festering sorrows rankle at his heart,
As jerry'd husbands wishing for relief,
Affect to laugh, while whimpering with grief.
To night, you've heard us Oh ! and Ah ! and moan,
Blubber, wipe eyes, and sob, and sigh, and groan,
And whose sobs, sighs, or groans were louder than my own ?
Yet shall I say it---nay in faith, 'twill out---
While I was making all this tragick rout,

About these children of our poet's brain,
The Doge, Foscari, and the ladies twain,
I felt my heart with joy within me bound
To see this goodly group collected round.
To make our bard with honest transport glow
While he melts you with sympathetick woe.
A truce with tears then---and with me rejoice ;
Hear reason's dictates, urg'd in nature's voice !
Be wise and merry---and this truth believe,
If grief were wisdom, very few would grieve.---
Rejoice with me, to see brought forth to light;
The first born of our tragick muse, this night,
Applaud the youth---Applaud with heart and hand,
Who makes this offering to his native land.

## A SEPULCHRAL INSCRIPTION.

Turn, soft musing wanderer, hither thine eye,
A flower once blooming lies here ;
The breeze that pass'd o'er it was nought but a sigh,
Its humidity---gain'd from a tear.

In the morning of life, ah ! a cankering gloom
O'er its bosom tenaciously spread :
It shrunk at the grasp of its ruinous doom,
And bow'd to the dust its fair head.

No insensate production of nature lies here,
The flower but emblems a heart,
Whose affliction shall long claim the sigh and the tear
Of regret---it so soon should depart.

# *THE DRAMA.*

We come not to offend, but with good will.
*Shakespeare.*

## BOSTON.

THE Boston theatre closed on the 21st of April, after a prosperous season of seven months. We have room only for a short history of the performances since our last.

*George Barnwell,*

Was chosen by Mr. Fox for his benefit. It was the first tragedy attempted after the departure of Mr. Cooper; and though the representation of it on our stage has not often been lucrative to the manager, it was this evening honoured with a crowded audience. In Mr. Fox's young Barnwell there were many passages well spoken. There is, however, still room for improvement. Mrs. Shaw's Millwood was superiour to most of her attempts in tragedy.

*A Cure for the Heart-Ach,*

One of Morton's best productions, was selected for the benefit of Mr. Twaits, who in Young Rapid, gave ample proof of the uncommon versatility of his talents.

Come Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, or what will,
He still gives a manifest proof of his skill;
And still claims applause, though like Proteus he changes,
For equal to all, through the drama he ranges;
Fame seizes the clarion, subdued by her wonder,
As the tones from its womb rend the ceiling asunder,
And frights the wild air with her sonorous clatter,
Till Reason peeps forward to ask—what's the matter?

*The Child of Nature.*

The appearance of Mrs. Darley in Amanthis was highly gratifying to the admirers of "simple nature." Mr. Usher's Alberto left a much deeper and more agreeable impression on the mind, than some of his attempts at higher characters. It was really a fine performance, chaste and pathetick.

*Richard the Third.*

We did not see the representation of this play, but rumour has spoken favourably of Mr. Twaits's Richard. A writer in the "Boston Magazine," after pointing out the beauties and defects of Mr. T's performance, observes, that "had Mr. Cooper performed and Mr. Twaits conceived the part, the talents of the former gentleman would be appreciated more than they are even now; at least his Richard the Third, in such a case, would be considered decidedly superiour to any of his previous efforts in that character."

*King Lear.*

It was not without regret that we saw Mr. Usher—the man who has so often delighted us in the middle walks of the drama—appear as the representative of Lear. It was evident to all, that the talent of the company was inadequate to the representation of this tragedy—"the most stupendous fabrick of human genius"—and had not vanity stifled the remonstrances of judgment, it might

still have slumbered on the peaceful shelf of the prompter. Mr. Usher would have been respectable in Gloster,—he would have pleased us in Edmund,—but he did not become the robes of royalty. Well might he exclaim, in the language of the maniack king,

Surely this is not Lear.

The rough honesty of Kent was well portrayed by Twaits; and the trifling insignificance of the water-fly, Oswald, was admirably suited by Bernard.

*More Ways than One,*

For the benefit of Mrs. Powell, and the last night of performance. This comedy is from the pen of Mrs. Cowley, and we believe is good; but the representation of it this evening, generally speaking, was dull and imperfect.

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[The following *Epilogue* is the production of a gentleman whom we shall be proud to number amongst our regular correspondents. We cannot, however, refrain from observing, that, in our opinion, some of the characters are rather too severely handled, while others are, perhaps, besmeared with a little too much praise...*Edit.*]

## EPILOGUE

### TO THE THEATRICAL SEASON:

### *Or, A Review of the Thespian Corps.*

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.
*Hor. Ar. Poet.*

The season's clos'd, the benefits are o'er,
And heroes, heroines, strut the stage no more:
Kings, clowns, lords, lovers, virgins, matrons, queens,
No more adorn, no more disgrace the scenes.

Swords, foils, hats, helmets, sceptre, crown, and globe,
Are stuff'd, promiscuous, in the old wardrobe,
Where tragick buskins, comick socks are pack'd,
Or sent to KENNY to be soal'd or tapp'd.
Theatrick lords, whose pride no power could stem,
Are dwindled down to *very common men*;
And royal dames, who erst the pit could charm,
Now wash old laces, or old stockings darn.
Great Ataliba, CHILD OF THE BRIGHT SUN,
Is now poor simple Mr. DICKENSON:
Proud Alexander, who the world o'erran,
Is T. A. COOPER, a mere gentleman:
USHER no more harangues Rome's rascal many,
And *gracious* Duncan is—*ungracious* KENNY.
The rival queens, who, nobly daring, tried
To conquer him who conquer'd all beside,
Now cease to rage; hush'd is the tragick strife,
Lost in the matron and the duteous wife.
But the stage virtues still in some are seen;
What charm'd the publick charms the private scene.
A Belvidera still in POWELL see;
Enchanting Hester, DARLEY, lives in thee:—
The tripping DARBY still the air may saw;
Great Sysigambis is great Mrs. SHAW.

The season's clos'd, the benefits are done,
And all the players' occupations gone:
Gone are the comick grin, the tragick rage;
E'en native HASSAN's fled the lonely stage:
The curtain 's dropp'd—and now, to be in vogue,
All that remains is this sweet epilogue.

Come then, my Muse, the Thespian corps review;
Come, give to merit praises justly due;
Come, let no worth escape thy peering eyes,
Though hid amidst a thousand faults it lies;

For who 's so mean, in nothing to excel,
When even MILBOURNE shines in Bagatelle !
Come then, my Muse, thou meek-eyed, dove-
tongued maid,
Come, call thy sister Candour to thy aid,
And, as I bid the rouge-cheek'd corps pass by,
Come, note their merits with thy critick eye ;
Each fault correct, with thy sweet smiling frown,
And grace the worthiest with thy laurel crown.

See, at my call the motley train advance,
Some walk, some limp, some fidget and some
dance,
Some fence, some sing, some laugh, some deep-
ly sigh,
Some grin, some chatter, and some bleed and die.
All show their powers in all their various ways,
To gain thy favour and secure thy bays.

Pray who is she that's foremost in the race,
With clear starch'd elbows stiffen'd into grace,
Whose comely form between her arms appears
Like a young rose-tree, propp'd by espaliers ?
Is this Malvina, Oscar's graceful fair ?
Sure Ossian's heroes had a taste most rare !

But lo ! what majesty of flesh appears !
What rippling gutturals grate our ravish'd ears!
The solid loves on thy plump person wait,
Great ton of beauty, graceful by gross weight.
O had old Falstaff had of thee a view,
He'd quit mine Hostess and Doll Tearsheet too.
Squab dove of love ! thine is the comick mien
To strike broad humour from the saddest scene.
See thy own Agatha—Oh, hear her groan,
"Consumptive sufferer, worn to skin and bone ;"
While moping melancholy grins with glee,
To hear her hectick groans and *look* on thee.

Now speak, my Muse, resolve me, if you can,
Is this an actor—or a clock work man ?

With measur'd step he paces o'er the stage,
Looks grave by rule, and even smiles by gage.
Say, is it Nature moves the buckram fop?
Sure 'tis the nature of a barber's block—
A mere automaton—a walking staff—
A pasteboard actor, with a wooden laugh.
In some museum quickly see him plac'd,
With straw-stuff'd apes and petrifactions grac'd,
Where BOWEN's bees-wax beaux will joy to see
That they excel him in vivacity.

The bounding time see agile DARBY beat,
And shame the musick with her fairy feet:
In rustick hop, in courtly saraband,
In varying hornpipe, or in ballet grand,
Still, still she charms, and still our hearts shall warm,
While graceful movements have the power to charm.
But, not content to dance into our hearts,
The dancing DARBY dances all her parts:
Should faithful love her suitor's bosom wring,
DARBY returns it with a *pigeon wing*;
Chassees a fit, and rigadoons a swoon,
And promenades it to a lover's tomb.

From that base throng, who ply beneath the stage,
The refuse of the play-house and the age;
From that base throng, who wait upon their betters,
Who *murder* murderers and carry letters;
From that base throng, who in lac'd liveries shine,
Or spoil the parts of beasts in pantomime,
Shift scenes, light lamps, and swell a prince's train,
Or, in some doughty battle, act men slain;
From that base throng, my Muse, there's one steps forth,
And claims the laurel due to his known worth.
Pray who art thou, that dares the laurel claim?
State thy pretensions, and declare thy name.

"'Tis modest worth commands the impartial
Muse—"
Stay—now I know thee by *thy yellow shoes!*
Whether thou murder'd Banquo in dark hour,
Or kill'd the royal infants in the tower;
Whether upon the stage I saw thee go,
Or, condescending, snuff the lamps below;
Where'er thou went, thy merits were not hid,
Still, still I knew thee by *thy yellow kid.*
Then hear, great ruffian, hear the Muse proclaim
The gory honours of thy bloody fame—
MORGAN's all perfect—thus proclaims the Muse;
A perfect ruffian, all—except his shoes.

Hark, hark! what strains upon the breezes
float!
The wild winds pause to catch each fleeting note.
To DARLEY, sure, those potent strains belong,
That mighty master of the powers of song:
Manly, though soft; mellifluous, though clear;
Correct, yet wild, he charms the enchanted ear.

"Let Fame sound the trumpet," and Candour
proclaim,
That DARLEY's unrivall'd in song-singing Fame.

The favour'd lover pleasing DARLEY plays
In style as happy as his favourite lays.
'Tis false ambition thy desire awaits,
To copy COOPER or to mimick TWAITS;
Believe me, DARLEY, that I tell you true,
To sing and love is all that you can do.

But zounds! what different sounds confound
the ear!
Is this indeed a human voice I hear?
Or rusty hinge of some old creeking gate?
Or some knife scratching on an earthen plate?
Or Indian pappoose yell? or scolding squaw?
Or smoking Dutchman, whetting cross-cut saw?

Or those fam'd mousers, twin-tied by the tail,
Which show'd where BILLINGS' musick was for sale?
Is this the voice of that stout man of size?
Lend me thy handkerchief to rub my eyes.
I beg thy pardon, Muse, I had forgot it—
You're in the fashion, girl, and have no pocket.
Is this the voice of that stout reverend youth?
It seems the echo of his hollow tooth.
O KENNY, KENNY! didst thou know thy powers,
Thou'dst rival GARRICK on this stage of ours:
Play apparitions, witches, spectres, ghosts,
Hobgoblins, furies, and enchanted posts,
Whose dismal screams and horrid shrieks foretel
The deadly voices come from lowest hell:
Here you *must shine*, since 'tis by all confest,
Who speaks most horrid's sure to speak the best.

Te he—ha ha—oh look—ha ha—O see
That soul of humour and that life of glee!
I die with laughter---all my strength subsides---
Oh hold me---hold me---I shall split my sides.
Come forward, TWAITS---thou drollest child of fun;
Thy looks are jokes, thy very steps a pun.
Come forward, TWAITS, I know thee for the same,
Droll as thy phiz, and funny as thy name.
Let others mouth the ponderous tragick page,
With blood and carnage smear the frighted stage;
By deep distress the moral lesson scan,
And teach us virtue from the woes of man:
Thou grotesque child of whim, still be it thine
With "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" to shine;
With squint-eyed satire a bad age reclaim,
And vice and folly laugh to open shame.

Come, come, sweet Muse, give TWAITS thy
laurel crown---
But whence thy pretty, prudish, sugar'd frown?
" *The sacred laurel must not be debas'd,*
" *Nor on a zany actor's noddle plac'd.*"
But yet, sweet Muse, in Caleb Quotem's wig,
For love of fun---O stick one little sprig!

Ha! who comes now, to vex the scar'd be-
holder,
With mouth, like French horn, sounding o'er
one shoulder!
Commodious splay mouth, surely well applied
To speak----in play-book phrase----a speech *(a-*
*side;)*
What wry renown would to thee, USHER, cling,
" The little farthing rush-light" wouldst thou sing.

But see, two females every grace impart,
The fair associates of the scenick art;
Pride of the stage and pride of private life,
Whether beheld as actress, mother, wife.
'Tis not the thundering clap, the gallery's roar,
The cheering whistle, or the loud encore,
Which crown the actress with a favourite's name
'Tis private virtue gives their palm of fame.
Oh could those "frail impures," who heedless
make
Their pearls the banquet of the swinish rake,
Once know the pain that men of sense endure
When virtuous speeches flow from lips impure;
Or the deep interest which we all possess,
When real virtue acts the feign'd distress;
They'd seek the homage to your virtues due,
Reform their manners and soon copy you.

And first of these, attractive DARLEY see,
The graceful daughter of simplicity.
Thine is the art, sweet actress——not the art---
No---simple nature moves thy feeling heart;

She gives to all you act that magick charm,
Which chains attention and all hearts can warm:
In craz'd Ophelia speaks the maniack mind;
Smiles the gay look of sportive Rosalind;
'Twas nature's voice, when fair Virginia sung;
The Voice of Nature is thy mother tongue.
But yet the lynx-eyed Muse espies one blot,
On thy bright sun she notes one single spot;---
With folded hands see Rosamunda stands:
Ah me! how pretty are her folded hands?
Enchanting attitude, which Nature draws---
Pit, boxes, gallery, bellow out applause.
With varied voice, which can all hearts control,
With various movements to entrap the soul,
With air, face, person, shape and blooming age,
With powers to grace with novelty the stage,
Do not, lov'd actress, while each heart expands,
Forever bore us with your folded hands.
But if this gentle hint wont make you screen 'em,
Oh, take the gentle poet in between 'em!

But next the chasten'd POWELL steps serene,
Correct in motion, utterance, looks and mien;
Never o'erstepping nature's modest aims,
And always acting up what nature claims:
No passion tearer on a ranting stage,
No screaming favourite of a tasteless age,
Sporting no jokes to show a meagre wit,
Or tricksey arts to catch a tittering pit;
Content each character to represent,
And simply show us what the author meant.
What though thy scenick pencil oft portrays
Fine strokes of nature lost to common gaze?
The purblind many can't read nature's line,
Unless in lamp-black capitals it shine.
What though less frequent shouts thy worth reward,
And the house slumbers when it should applaud?

Be thine the approving smile of all the chaste,
Thine the proud plaudit of the man of taste.

But, last of all, see COOPER grace the stage—
COOPER---" the pride, the wonder of our age!"
Here place thy laurel, crown him with thy bays,
Nor aim to praise him WHO'S BEYOND ALL PRAISE. S.

### A CARD.

*The author of the Epilogue to the Theatrical Season presents his most profound compliments to the Manager, Messrs. Bernard, Fox, &c. not forgetting his kind love to certain ladies of the corps—and, after apologizing for omitting them in that honied eulogium, has the honour to assure them that he has in the bottom of his inkhorn a most delectable bit of poetry, in which their respective merits will be amplified, and their faults handled with the gossamour glove of criticism—and in which the prompter shall be prompted—the box-keeper shall have a ticket—the door-keeper shall not be shut out—the yellow-ochre fame of the scene-painter shall not be painted in mere water-colours—and even the extinguishing glory of the candle-snuffer shall shine like a cut-glass chandelier.*

## NEW-YORK.

AFTER Cooper had performed seven nights at New-York, with profit and applause, Jefferson succeeded, and played four nights. He opened with *Jacob Gawkey* and *Diddler*, and closed with *Walter* (Children in the wood). Such was the enthusiasm of the audience, in respect to this celebrated comedian that after he had finished his part in the after-piece, a great part of the company remained in the house, calling loudly for Mr. Jefferson! Mr. Tyler coming forward, was denied an opportunity to apologize; and after persisting in their demand, the audience were gratified by a song from Mr. J. Harwood followed Jefferson, and is engaged for the remainder of the season. He opened with great eclat in *Dennis Brulgruddery*. Mrs. Johnson retains her well earned honours in New-York. Mrs. Jones is as great a favourite as ever; her Little Pickle has been acted for the *twelfth time!* she

is on the stage every night, play and farce, and often comes forward with a song, by way of interlude.

A new "comick, pantomimick, historick, operatick, local melo-drame," called the *Manhattan Stage*, or *Cupid in his vagaries*, has been got up, but not allowed a second representation.

## PHILADELPHIA.

MR. COOPER played nine nights here, opening with Macbeth; but had not the expected or merited success; and to the disgrace of the taste of the play going people of Philadelphia, performed Beverly to 250 dollars!

The Theatre closed the 9th of April, with a new comedy, written by a citizen of Philadelphia, called *The Fox Chase*.

## BALTIMORE.

THE Philadelphia company began their summer campaign in this city the 14th of April; with Morton's new comedy of *The School of Reform* or *How to rule a Husband*.

## CHARLESTON.

CHARLESTON theatricals are not very interesting. The benefits are now going on, and an after season is contemplated for Cooper. Bates is appointed acting manger, for another year. Whitlock has retired from the stage, and gone to England. Mrs. Whitlock still continues in the *Rosalind* and *Beatrice* line. Jones is abandoned to ebriety; so much so, that as no dependance can be placed on his services, he is not permitted to perform.

## NEW-ORLEANS.

WE find it difficult to procure information respecting the *Louisiana Drama*. No performers' names are inserted in the bills; nor do we know to a certainty whether their performances are

given in the French or English language. The entertainments on Sunday, March 2, were "Open War; or Trick upon Trick," and the opera of the "Calif of Bagdad"---Thursday, the 6th, the "Capuchin's Marriage" and "Renaud D'Ast"--Sunday, the 9th, "Laura and Fernando."

## THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MR. BERNARD went to England in the Packet, and is expected to bring over a new recruit of performers.

The greatest part of the Boston company are on a summer expedition at Portsmouth.

The theatre in New-York has been purchased for 50,000 dollars, by Messrs. Beekman and Astor; who have appropriated from 10 to 20,000 dollars for making improvements and repairs, and committed the sole management of it to Mr. Cooper. Mr. C. has engaged Mr. and Mrs. Darley, and Mr. Twaits, and is selecting all the theatrical talent in the country---He will probably have a company little if any inferiour to those of London.

Mr. Twaits is now performing at New-York.

Mr. Fennell has been employed in reading and recitations, at Philadelphia; and has been so wonderfully successful as to draw the patronage from the theatre.

The Virginia company are still performing at Richmond.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Portrait of B. Waterhouse, M. D in our next.

*Justitiæ Philo* was received too late for insertion this month. We wish for a personal interview with the writer.

*Solon* shall be attended to.

*The Exile's Prayer*, by "Psyche," shall appear next month.

*The Reeling Roscius*—*Acrostick on the Seasons*—and *Selection* by "W." are on file for publication.

"Horatio's" *Adieu to the Village* contains some good poetry. But we believe it would not gratify even the writer to see his verses published in their present incorrect form.

6.72

S. Harris sc.

B. Waterhouse. M.D.

Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine